



“Tramp Upon the Land”

Written by Malcolm Daglish

Inspired by the life of John Muir



“John Muir”



- ◆ From the National Park Service web-site:
 - ◆ Fruit Rancher, Family Man, Writer...Father of the National Park Service!
 - ◆ John Muir played many roles in his life, all of which helped him succeed in his role as an advocate for Nature. As America's most famous naturalist and conservationist, Muir fought to protect the wild places he loved, places we can still visit today. Muir's writings convinced the U.S. government to protect Yosemite, Sequoia, Grand Canyon and Mt. Rainier as national parks.





“Malcolm Daglish”



◆ From Malcolm Daglish web-site:

◆ The youngest of a large family of artists and educators, I grew up in a household where more than ideas were bouncing off the walls. Poetry, painting, music, and theater were intermingled with little league baseball, raising chickens, and building backyard junkyard playhouses.



Come and Get it!
By Malcolm Daglish



NEWSLETTER

Stories, Songs, Camp Updates,
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Revised Lyrics

Verse 1 &2

In my darkest hour, I saw the light, though I'd been blinded by the power of
ingenious wheels of fortune in my sight.

Life me up! Free my wily ways, and I will understudy creation as I tramp
upon the land for all my days

On foot and all by hand I keep my faith by keeping track,
in poems, notes and sketches that I carry in my pack.

I lingered on my morning walk 'til daylight grew dim,
for going out, as I found out, was really just a way of going in. (repeat)

Might be Cut or Sung by an Ensemble

Bridge

Earth pulls and water falls in a myriad of forms:

A mist, a rill, a glacier, rain and snow and hailstorms.

I want to understand the marker of this music being played
for it pulls me out to walk and learn the world that was made,
and still yet being made,
is still here in the morning of creation.

Start with a Small Ensemble

Verse 3

Root me down into this wild place, and a way into the universe I'll find, and I will
leave with out a trace.

Life me up into the highest tree, and I will sail a gale of sweeping, trailing clouds
across the mountains from the sea.

A mishap in a factory made me temporarily blind. The wheels of time sang
intervals that rhyme in my mind. Transporting me they turn and turn their tunes
eternally. A bird, a tree and mountain make a journey, just the same as you and
me.

Lift me up! Free my wily ways, and I will understudy creation as I, Tramp upon
the land for all my days, all of my days...

What if you were suddenly blinded?

- ◆ John Muir was blinded in an accident in a carriage factory
- ◆ During his recovery he was heartsick and thought he'd never see his beloved nature again
- ◆ His vision was miraculously restored and he spent his life enjoying it.
- ◆ He is one of the most famous naturalists of modern times